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Poetry.

TWENTY GOLDEN YEARS AGO.

BY J. G. M.

Oh, the rain, the weary, dreary rain,
How it plashes on the window-sill !
Night, I guess, too, must be on the wane,
Street and lane around are grown so still.
Here I sit, with coffee in my cup—
Ah ! 'twas rarely I beheld it flow
In the tavern where I loved to sup
Twenty golden years ago!

Twenty years ago, alas !—but stay—
On my life 'tis half past twelve o'clock !
After all, the hours *do* slip away—
Come, here goes to burn another block !
For the night or morn. is wet and cold;
And my fire is dwindling rather low:—
I had fire enough, when young and bold,
Twenty golden years ago.

Dear ! I don't feel well at all, somehow :
Few in the city dream how bad I am ;
Floods of tears grow common with me now,
High tear-floods, that Reason cannot dam.
Doctors think I'll never live and thrive
If I mope at home so—I don't know—
Am I living now ? I was alive
Twenty golden years ago.

Wifeless, friendless, foodless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though useless, I choose
Left with naught to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
Oh ! this is so hard for *me* to bear
Me, who once lived so much *en haut*
Me, who broke all hearts like china-ware
Twenty golden years ago!

Perhaps 'tis better ; times defacing waves,
Long have quenched the radiance of my brow—
They who curse me nightly from their graves
Scarce could love me were they living now ;
But my loneliness hath darker ills—
Such dun duns as Conscience, Thought and Co.,
Awful Gorgons ! worse than tailors' bills
Twenty golden years ago!

Did I paint a fifth of what I feel,
Oh, how plaintive you would ween I was !
But I won't, albeit I have a deal
More to wail about than Kerner has !
Kerner's tears are wept for withered flowers,
Mine for withered hopes ; my scroll of woe
Dates, alas ! from youth's deserted bowers,
Twenty golden years ago !

Yet, may honest bardlings flourish long.
Me, I tweak no beak among them ;—hawks
Must not pounce on hawks ; besides, in song
I could once beat all of them by chalks.
Though you find me, as I near my goal,
Sentimentalizing like Rousseau,
Oh ! I had a grand Byronian soul
Twenty golden years ago.

Tick-tick, tick-tick !—not a sound save Time's
And the wind-gust, as it drives the rain—
Tortured torturer of reluctant rhymes,
Go to bed, and rest thine aching brain !
Sleep ! no more the dupe of hopes or schemes;
Soon thou sleepest where the thistles blow—
Curious anti-climax to thy dreams
Twenty golden years ago.

ST. AGNES.

BY TENNYSON.

Deep on the convent roof the snows
Are sparkling to the moon ;
My breath to heaven like vapor goes ;
May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent towers
Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
That lead me to my Lord :
Make thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies,
Or the first snow drop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soiled and dark
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark
To yonder argent round ;
So shines my soul before the Lamb
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly home, I am
To what I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord, and far
Through all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy Bride, a sparkling star,
In raiment pure and clean !

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors
And strews her light below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within
For me, the Heavenly Bridegroom waits
To make me pure of sin,
The sabbaths of Eternity
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom and his bride !

A VISION OF BEAUTY.

It was a beauty that I saw
So pure, so perfect, as the frame
Of all the universe was lame,
To that one figure could I draw,
Or give least line of it a law !
A skein of silk without a knot !
A fair march made without a halt !
A curious form without a fault !
A printed book without a blot !
All beauty, and without a spot !

"O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
I crown thee king of intimate delights,
Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evenings know.

Selected Tale.

"IT'S NONE OF MY BUSINESS."

This was one of the golden sayings of Jedediah Pettisol. One might think so, at least, by the frequency and emphasis with which it fell from his lips. Jedediah was reckoned one of the richest men in Needwal. He lived in that great house you see yonder, with the tuft of lilacs before each of the front windows, the great sugar maples in the grassy yard, the light picket fences; the large barn so perfectly built, so trimly kept, and surrounded by the well tended acres of the richest farm of the neighborhood. Jedediah was reputed a snug, safe man—an excellent manager of money—of which he had had by an untold store, how much it was impossible to say, but there was a 'slow, dry smile' which curled his hard features when the enquiry was made, that stimulated the imagination of the questioner more than the mention of any definite sum. Jedediah was an excellent householder in all pertaining to his own. His wife lacked for nothing—rustled to church in the stiffest of silks and heaviest of satins, wore an India shawl, and got her bonnets quarterly from New York, to the great edification of Miss Powitt, the country milliner, and of all her rural neighbors.

All Jedediah's sons and daughters walked in brightness and lived on the fat of the land; they went to the best schools, ate the best things, and were reported to do everything in the best way. He rubbed his hands as he looked around on his rising race. He flattered himself there were no such children going. He took care of them; they were his, and Jedediah always took care of his own things. Whatever was his, though but the breadth and thickness of a hair, was his, and was attended with microscopic nicety.

But to all that was not his, to everybody not his own, to every one's cares, wants, outside the circle of his own, Jedediah had but one short golden saying, 'It's none of my business.'

Jedediah was a proper church-going man—nay, a church member, and being a church member, his townsmen thought the least they could do for a man of such substance and admirable management was to make him a deacon. They hoped thereby, in a measure, to bring the affairs of the church into the charmed circle which he called his own. They were much mistaken. He was too shrewd for them. 'If they think they're going to get their burdens off on to my shoulders they are mistaken. I pay my subscription punctually: that's all I agreed to do; as to the rest, it's not my business.'

If a subscription was up for any charitable object, Jedediah was very acute in finding out that it was 'none of his business.'

'Subscribe to a town library? No; what do I want of a town library? I am able to buy all the books I want, and prefer to read my own books.'

'But, Mr. Pettisol, think how many of your neighbors are not, and what an excellent thing for them it would be!'

'Well, let them get it, it's none of my business, I'm sure; we're more books than we can read now.'

'Mr. Pettisol, we called to see if you would subscribe for a furnace for the church?'

'No What's the use of a furnace?—The stove keeps us comfortable enough.'

'Your pew and two or three about it are comfortable, but the galleries, where the poorer people sit, and the pews by the door—in short, half the pews in the house are very uncomfortable.'

'Well, let them that find it so subscribe. I don't; so it's none of my business.'

Now, Mr. Pettisol was a very orthodox man, and believed devoutly every one of the five points of Calvinism; and he could set any young minister right in a twinkle that blundered on them. He kept an austere watch on his new pastor, Mr. Service, whom he suspected somehow of not having precisely the good old ways. 'I don't hear you preach the strong old points,' he would say; 'divine sovereignty and election;' and the minister smiled in a manner that Mr. Pettisol wondered at.

'Did you ever hear of this doctrine, Mr. Pettisol? 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.''

'That isn't a doctrine,' said Mr. Pettisol; 'it's a declaration of the Bible.'

'Why isn't it a doctrine?' said Mr. Service, and left him.

Mr. Pettisol felt for a time that confused sensation in his brain that is produced by a new idea fumbling at the rusty lock of a very old door. He had supposed himself primed in all the ins and outs of doctrine; and in all this time nobody had ever said such a singular thing to him as this. It confused him, and he put it out of his head. The minister was young and modest; he supposed he had dropped a seed which he hoped would germinate—he did not make allowance for that flock of domestic fowls called old prejudices who make it their business instantly to gobble up such seeds. When he thought the seed had germinated he called on Jedediah to open a case which lay heavily on his mind, and in which no one in his parish was better able to give him material aid.

There had recently been a factory established in a distant part of his parish, which had brought into the place a large population of young lads and girls, who, as often happens in such cases, seemed to be under very indifferent moral influences.—Sunday was a perfect carnival of unseemly proceedings. The boys marauded through the fields, robbed orchards and melon patches, and the girls, flaunting in gay dresses and laughing loudly, were often seen in certain dubious coffee-houses which had sprung up like mushrooms in the neighborhood of the factory. Mr. Service, with two or three energetic, self-denying men and women of his parish, had ventured into this region and set up a Sabbath school, and succeeded in producing some interest in better things.

That morning at table Mr. Service said to his wife, 'If I were only rich, now, I know what I would do. I'd put up a neat little hall for our Sunday school, and have a library in it, and I could draw in ever so many; it might become the nucleus of a church as well as serve for the use of a Sunday school.'

'Well, let's get up a subscription for it,' said his wife; 'there's Deacon Pettisol owns the land, perhaps he'll give us that.'

'I doubt it,' said Mr. Service.

'Oh, yes! only go and talk to him—tell him all about it—he can't refuse.'

So that evening Mr. Service called at Mr. Pettisol's, and was cordially received; some fine pears and grapes were offered to him in the best front parlor, and Mrs. Pettisol and Mr. Pettisol were delighted to see him.

He told his story.

'I hardly see what call you have to meddle with the factory population,' said Mr. Pettisol. 'If I mistake not, the factory stands on the other side of the town line, and it's the business of Smith & Simonds to provide such things, if anybody. Why don't you go to them?'

'I have been to them; but they are mere money making men of the world, and don't care for anything of the sort.'

'Well, then,' said Jedediah, 'I believe the factory, in point of fact, stands in Mr. Brown's parish.'

'Perhaps in mere point of geography the line may run this side of the factory, but in point of fact the people are much nearer to us than to him. The fact is, Mr. Pettisol, it is for our interest to take care of this population, or they will corrupt the state of morals among us. These roving, idle young men and boys, many of them bright and active, will be leading away the boys of this parish; even now the Sabbath is dreadfully profaned among us.'

'I'll risk my children,' said Mr. Pettisol. 'I can cut down all the dockweed in my neighborhood, or clear off all the caterpillars from my neighbor's trees, but I can keep the weeds off my own farm.'

'I doubt it,' said Mr. Service; 'but if you could, it would be less work to cut down one stalk of dockweed, green in your neighbor's field, than to hoe up a thousand young docks after the wind had seeded your farm with them. If any one would have made it their business to clear the caterpillars off the wild cherry-tree at the head of the street, you would have saved two days work in your orchards about.'

'I know that,' said Mr. Pettisol, 'but I ain't going to do other people's work.—That tree stands on Jim Stanton's ground, and if he don't attend to it, I ain't going to do it for him, I'm sure.'

'Not if it fills every tree of your orchard with caterpillars?' said Mr. Service.

'I can take care of my own trees,' said Mr. Pettisol. 'I'd rather do twice the work on my own place than to do work that isn't my business.'

'Mr. Pettisol,' said Mr. Service, 'have you thought of any of that doctrine I spoke to you about?'

'What doctrine, sir?'

''Look not every man on his own things, but every man on the things of others.'—What do you think of that doctrine? It's in the Bible, as plain as the doctrine of election.'

At this point Mr. Pettisol began to have secret doubts of the validity of Paul's epistles; but he did not venture to assert them in so many words, so he passed the grape dish again to his minister, and said, 'I trust I am always ready to do my duty in my own field. But I believe in order; in every one sticking to his business.—Keep up our preaching and weekly lecture, and prayer-meeting, and really, sir, I don't see how you can burden yourself with this work without taking away the strength you need for your main business.'

'Mr. Pettisol,' said Mr. Service, 'I do not consider myself in the light of a man hired to take care of you merely. I am the shepherd and servant of Christ, and my duty is to help all wandering souls whom I am able to reach and care for; but if I thought of nothing but your interest and that of your children, I would gladly do twice as much as I do now for this population; it is the only way I can save the children and youths of my parish from corruption.'

'I don't know how it is with other people,' said Mr. Pettisol; 'but I don't think my children will wish to associate with factory hands.'

'I don't think you can answer for your boys, or for mine, Mr. Pettisol; boys are more attracted by boys than by fathers and mothers, and if they are gay, lively fellows, who keep some kind of jolly thing going, they care very little what station they belong to.'

'I shall forbid my sons all such associations,' said Mr. Pettisol; 'and I should like to see any of them dare to disobey me.'

'I should not,' said Mr. Service; 'nevertheless, I fear they will.'

'Well, perhaps I may feel it my duty to give something,' said the deacon.

'If you would only give us that lot of land this side of the factory to put our hall on,' said Mr. Service.

'Why, Mr. Service, you ain't up in business matters,' said Mr. Pettisol, with a patronizing smile; 'that lot of land is rising in value ten per cent. a year.'

'For all that, I think it would be your best investment to give it for this cause.—It is in one sense far more our business to take care of these factory people than it is the business of the owners of the factory. They do not live here. They have no children here. They will not, in their persons or their families, suffer as we shall, from leaving them to go to ruin.'

'Who wants to leave them to go to ruin?' said Mr. Pettisol. 'Can't they come to our church if they want to? There are free seats in the gallery, without our going down to build a place for them.'

'But they won't come to our church, and experience has shown they will come to a place appropriated to them alone.—Our poor little room is crowded every Sunday, and some go away for want of room.'

'Well, Mr. Service, I'll think of it, and send you something, though I must say I don't think as you do. If the people won't attend the stated means of grace, I really don't see the need of going down on our knees to them. It's their own affair after all.'

'The Lord Jesus didn't think it our own affair whether we went to destruction or not,' said Mr. Service. 'He did much more, one would think, than his part. We were enemies, and he left heaven for us, lived poor all his life, died the worst of deaths; and is He to do all this for us, and we feel that we are not to lift a finger for each other?'

'Well, well, Mr. Service, I'll think of it and let you know. I'll subscribe something,' said Mr. Pettisol, and so the minister rose and left.

'He is a good man, my dear,' said Jedediah Pettisol. 'I believe Mr. Service is a very good man—but I doubt much about his orthodoxy.'

'Why, my dear,' said Mrs. Pettisol, 'what makes you doubt his orthodoxy?'

'Oh! these modern young ministers, with their humanitarian notions, want to carry the world on their shoulders, but they're dumb on the doctrines. He says he believes them, but he don't preach them. Haven't heard a sermon on divine sovereignty and man's independence since he's been here. If he had more faith in that he would be quieter.'

'I think,' said Mr. Pettisol, 'what he said about our children is ridiculous. I'd risk our Johnny everywhere—poor little fellow, he went to bed with the headache, early this evening.'

The fact was that our 'Johnny,' at the moment these words were spoken, was far enough from his bed. He was, in fact, down at Smith's factory, learning to play poker with Mike Dornor, a sharp, shrewd, droll fellow, who led all the boys of the village, and had taken entire possession of Johnny Pettisol.

The next morning Mr. Pettisol inclosed in a very cold note seventy-five cents to his minister.

Shortly after, secret dissatisfaction arose in the parish. Mr. Service was accused of heresy. There was a great meeting of counsels, much talk and discussion. Poor Mr. Service was badgered and baited, and obliged to spend so many anxious hours, and so much time and strength in explaining exactly his views of the consistency of decrees with human ability, and in defining the exact state of the heathen in the future world, that the heathen in Smithville, were left to go on in their own way. In a short time Mr. Service was dismissed, the church hired ministers at ten dollars a Sabbath to supply the pulpit—and said that this was economy. Grogshops grew up in the village, the poor-house increased its inmates, boys grew up godless, dissipated young men broke their fathers' and mothers' hearts, and Johnny Pettisol first and foremost.

There were days long and bitter, when Mr. Pettisol, old and trembling with paralysis, and his wife, sad and broken hearted, wept over their spendthrift, undutiful sons, and wondered why they should have turned out so bad in spite of such excellent instruction. The dockweed and caterpillars could not be got out of Jedediah's field with all his energy; and in his own secret soul, while trembling on the verge of eternity, and reviewing the use he had made of his life, he sometimes remembered Mr. Service, and wished he had given more thought to the great doctrine, 'Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others.'

Swearing.—'Trust not to the promise of a common swearer,' says Francis Ruaries, in his Enchiridion, 'for he that dare sin against his God, for neither profit nor pleasure, will trespass against thee for his own. He that dare break the precepts of his father, will easily be persuaded to violate the promise unto his brother.' There is good common sense in this advice, and it would be well if it were generally acted on. There are, doubtless, very many great scoundrels who never swear, and perhaps a few men of otherwise good conduct who sometime transgress the commandment, but of the 'common swearer'—the man whose every other word is an oath, and who cannot perform the most trivial or even disgraceful act without profanely invoking the name of the Supreme Being, but little good can be said. He may be successful in business, shrewd in worldly dealing, and courageous in facing danger, but in the qualities that make up the true gentleman and the Christian, he is wofully deficient.

Make me sure of that one fact, that my everlasting Father takes care of the hairs of my head; that my heavenly Father watches over me with a love that never falters, and a patience that is never exhausted; that in all the heights, in all the depths, in all the fugative phases of my varied experience, God my Father is; then I feel I am not a leaf tossed by the wind; I am not a bubble on the current; I am not the grass that fades; I am the child of his adoption, the heir of his kingdom, the inheritor of his glory; and neither flood, nor fire, nor shot, nor shell, nor sickness, nor disease, can touch me, till God has given the one or the other its mission and its commission.

All great works go quietly on. Gravitation, that keeps the orbs of heaven in order and harmony, is a mighty power, but its voice is not heard—it makes no noise. The same element, in the shape of lightning, flashes, and is followed by the thunder echo at its heels; yet the lightning is the strong thing. The light is the softest force of all; it travels at a force inconceivable; it strikes a new born infant's eyeball, and does not injure it; and yet its power is so great, that it touches the bosom of the earth in spring, it evokes from its leaf, and blossom, and flower, and fruit. The work of the spirit is an inner, quiet work.

The Waste of War.—In the sixteen years intervening between 1797 and 1815, the French army absorbed 5,556,000 men. The number raised by conscription for Napoleon's army was 2,476,000 men. The army of 1813 was composed of recruits from eighteen to twenty years of age. Of a million and a quarter raised in 1813, only 100,000 remained in 1814. France, in addition to this loss of her citizens, had to pay 700 millions of francs as indemnity of war to the allied powers, and 400 millions for the support of foreign garrisons.

Two Good Qualities.—Frugality is good, if liberality be joined with it. The first is leaving off the superfluous expenses; the last is the bestowing them to the benefit of others that need. The first without the last being covetousness; the last without being prodigality. Both makes an excellent temper. Happy the place where they are found.

Multum in Parvo,

Original and selected, prepared for the *Mercury.*

IN MEMORIAM.

VIII.

While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept for him; for I said: Who knoweth which the Lord mayest give him to me, and the child may live? But now that he is dead, why should I fast? Shall I be able to bring him back any more? I shall go to him rather; but he shall not return to me.

II. Kings, XII. 22, 23.

While Justice was slowly preparing his book,
The deed to record of thy mortal career,
"Forbear !" Mercy cried, with a bright, smiling look,
"I have chastened that name for our own happy sphere!"

George IV., on hearing some one declare that Moore had murdered Sheridan, in his late life of that statesman, observed, 'won't say that Mr. Moore has murdered Sheridan, but he has certainly attempted his life.'

After a long drought, there fell a torrent of rain: and a country gentleman observed to Sir John Hamilton, 'This is a most delightful rain; I hope it will bring up everything out of the ground.'

'By Jove, sir,' said Sir John, 'I hope not; for I have sowed three wives in it, and I should be very sorry to see them come up again.'

Daniel Purcell, who was a non-juror, was telling a friend, when King George the First landed at Greenwich, that he had a full view of him: 'Then,' said his friend, 'you know him by sight.'

'Yes,' replied Daniel, 'I think I know him, but I can't swear to him.'

A worthy alderman, captain of a volunteer corps, was ordering his company to fall back, in order to dress with the line, and gave the word. 'Advance three paces backwards! march!'

An officer in full regimentals, apprehensive lest he should come in contact with a chimney-sweep that was passing towards him, exclaimed, 'Keep off, you black rascal.'

'You were as black as me before you were boiled,' cried sooty.

A young lady visiting in the family asked John at dinner for a potato. John made no reply. The request was repeated, when John, putting his mouth to her ear, said, very audibly, 'There's jist twa in the dish, and they maun to keep it for the strangers.'

An Irish gardener seeing a boy stealing some fruit, swore if he caught him there again, he'd lock him up in the ice house and warm his jacket.'

'Sam, can you tole me why de Provost Marshal General am like P. T. Barnum?'
'Deed I couldn't. 'Splain yeaself.'
Bekase he *cuts a big figger !*'

An Irish gentleman was relating in company that he saw a terrible wind the other night. 'Saw a wind?' said another, 'I never heard of a wind being seen. But, pray, what was it like?' 'Like to have blown my house about my ears,' replied the first.

A lawyer, upon a circuit in Ireland, who was pleading the cause of an infant plaintiff, took the child up in his arms, and presented it to the jury, suffused with tears. This had a great effect, until the opposite lawyer asked the child—'What made you cry?'

'He pinched me!' answered the little innocent.

The whole court was convulsed with laughter.

Dr. Hennikar, being engaged in private conversation with the great Earl of Chatham, his lordship asked him how he defined wit.

'My lord,' said the doctor, 'wit is what a pension would be, given by your lordship to your humble servant, a good thing well applied.'

An old woman received a letter, and supposing it to be from one of her absent sons, she called on a person to read it to her. He accordingly began and read—'Charleston, June 23, 1859. Dear mother,' then making a stop to find out what followed (as the writing was rather bad), the old lady exclaimed—'Oh, 'tis my poor Jerry; he always stuttered.'

George Colman being once told that a man whose character was not very immaculate had grossly abused him, pointedly remarked, that 'the scandal and ill report of some persons that might be mentioned was like fuller's earth, it daubs your coat a little for a time, but when it is rubbed off, your coat is so much the cleaner.'

An officer, in battle, happening to bow, a cannon ball passed over his head, and took off that of the soldier who stood behind him. 'You see,' said he, 'that a man never loses by politeness.'

United States Laws.

OFFICIAL.

Passed at the First Session of the Thirty-eighth Congress.

[PUBLIC—No. 12.]

AN ACT to provide for an advance of rank to officers of the navy and marine corps for distinguished merit.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That any officer of the navy or marine corps, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate, may be advanced, not exceeding thirty numbers in rank, for having exhibited eminent and conspicuous conduct in battle, or extraordinary heroism.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That any officer of the navy or marine corps, either of volunteers or otherwise, who shall be nominated to a higher grade by the provisions of the first section of this act, or of that of section nine of an act entitled "An act to establish and equalize the grades of line officers of the U. S. navy," approved July sixteenth, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, shall be promoted, notwithstanding the number of said grade may be full, but no further promotions shall take place in that grade, except for like cause, until the number is reduced to that provided by law.

SEC. 3. And be it further enacted, That all acts, or parts of acts, which are inconsistent with the provisions of this act, are hereby repealed.

Approved, January 21, 1865.

[PUBLIC—No. 13.]

AN ACT supplementary to an act entitled "An Act to prescribe an oath of office, and for other purposes," approved July 2, eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That no person, after the date of this act, shall be admitted to the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, or at any time after the fourth of March next, shall be admitted to the bar of any circuit or district court of the United States, or of the Court of Claims, as an attorney or counsellor of such court, or shall be allowed to appear and be heard in any such court, by virtue of any previous admission, or any special power of attorney, unless he shall have first taken and subscribed the oath prescribed in "An act to prescribe an oath of office, and for other purposes," approved July two, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, according to the forms and in the manner in the said act provided; which said oath so taken and subscribed shall be preserved among the files of such court, and any person who shall falsely take the said oath shall be guilty of perjury, and, on conviction, shall be liable to the pains and penalties of perjury, and the additional pains and penalties in the said act provided. Approved January 24, 1865.

[PUBLIC—No. 14.]

AN ACT to amend an act entitled "An act to provide ways and means for the support of the Government, and for other purposes," approved June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-four.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That in lieu of any bonds authorized to be issued by the first section of the act entitled "An act to provide ways and means for the support of the Government," approved June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-four, that may remain unsold at the date of this act, the Secretary of the Treasury may issue under the authority of said act, Treasury notes of the description and character authorized by the second section of said act: Provided, That the whole amount of bonds authorized as aforesaid, and Treasury notes issued and to be issued in lieu thereof, shall not exceed the sum of four hundred millions of dollars; and such Treasury notes may be disposed of for lawful money, or for any other Treasury notes or certificates of indebtedness or certificates of deposit issued under any previous act of Congress; and such notes shall be exempt from taxation by or under State or municipal authority.

SEC. 2. And be it further enacted, That any bonds known as five twenties, issued under the act of twenty-fifth February, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, remaining unsold to an amount not exceeding four millions of dollars may be disposed of by the Secretary of the Treasury in the United States, or, if he shall find it expedient, in Europe, at any time, on such terms as he may deem most advisable: Provided, That this act shall not be so construed as to give any authority for the issue of any legal tender notes, in any form, beyond the balance unissued of the amount authorized by the second section of the act to which this is an amendment.

Approved, January 28, 1865.

[PUBLIC—No. 15.]

AN ACT making appropriations for the service of the Post Office Department during the fiscal year ending the thirtieth of June, eighteen hundred and thirty-six.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That the following sums be, and the same are hereby appropriated, for the service of the Post Office Department for the year ending June thirtieth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, out of any moneys in the treasury arising from the revenues of the said department, in conformity to the act of the second of July, eighteen hundred and thirty-six:

For transportation of the mails, (inland,) seven million eight hundred thousand dollars.

For ship, steamboat and way letters, eight thousand dollars.

For compensation to postmasters, three million one hundred and seventy-five thousand dollars.

For clerks for post offices, one million three hundred thousand dollars.

For payment to letter carriers, four hundred thousand dollars.

For wrapping paper, seventy-five thousand dollars.

For twine, seventeen thousand dollars.

For office stamps, six thousand dollars.

For letter balances, two thousand five hundred dollars.

For compensation to blank agents, and assistants, seven thousand dollars.

For office furniture, two thousand dollars.

For advertising, sixty-eight thousand dollars.

For postage stamps and stamped envelopes, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For mail depredations and special agents, seventy thousand dollars.

For mail bags, sixty thousand dollars.

For mail locks and keys, eight thousand dollars.

For payment of balances due to foreign countries, three hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For miscellaneous payments, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

For foreign mail transportation, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

Approved, January 28, 1865.